

NO QUESTIONS ASKED

she's at the door in her robe
& there's the smile
when she sees me
no hello, no talk
we never talk
that would ruin
everything
& in the bedroom the robe
becomes a maroon puddle
upon the floor
as we stand there
facing each other
like a couple of boxers
in the center of the ring
& on the waterbed we
work out
it's a kind of
shadow boxing
with fancy footwork
& quick jabs that are
not meant to connect
that look good
but land nowhere.

THE COLLECTOR

he collects women &
he collects situations

asks you if you want her
says he's not the
possessive type

just a collector he'll
memorize you & her
play it back later

plays everything back
better than it was
air brushes the real
with his fantasy

a kid collecting stamps
of places he'll never see

a kid collecting baseball cards
knows all the batting averages
but has never seen a game

an old woman with an album
of pretty post cards.